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THE PERSONAL TOUCH

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Dean of Men, the University of Illinois

One of the main arguments advanced in favor of the small college as opposed to the big university is the fact that the small college offers so much more opportunity for personal contact between the individual undergraduate and the individual member of the faculty than does the larger institution. In a small college where the enrolment does not exceed a few hundreds it is quite within the range of possibility for the President or for the Dean, at least, to know everyone by his first name and to keep closely in touch with everyone. It is alleged that in a big university there is no possibility of any extensive personal contact between any specific university officer and the great mass of undergraduates.

Whether or not there is such personal relationship existing between faculty and students in the small college, is not for me to say. I am sure that such a relationship is very helpful and quite possible, but when I was an undergraduate in the University of Illinois the number of men registered was fewer than three hundred, and the President personally wrote out each man's study list at the opening of each term and signed it himself, yet I am sure that few if any of us felt that we had any personal touch with the President or thought that he had any specific interest in us as individuals, or knowledge of us. A great many undergraduate irregularities took place, student pranks and escapades were of almost daily occurrence, but no one was apprehended or disciplined because, for the most part I think, the President did not know his students well enough to locate the source of trouble. He would have been very much surprised to learn what we all knew very well, that one of the main sources of trouble was in his own household. So I say that though the personal touch is much more easily obtained in the small college than in the big university, I am not sure that one will always find it there. Nor am I convinced that a general personal relationship is impossible of attainment in the big university, for it is this result as Dean of Men that I have been attempting to attain in my own institution during the past twenty years.

* The Editor desires to call the favorable attention of the reader to Dean Clark's new book, *Discipline and the Derelict*, published by the Macmillan Co.

I think I need not argue long in favor of such a relationship in college. The boy away from home for the first time who feels that no one knows him, that no one wants to know him, and that no one cares, may sometimes be stimulated to greater initiative and stronger self-reliance by that feeling, but more often the result is a weakened loyalty, discouragement, and sometimes moral decline. It is not easy to say how many of us are kept at our tasks, unpleasant as they are at times, because someone knows and cares, because someone has an interest expressed or implied. How many of us are kept moral and clean for a similar reason? We do our work, many of us, to please our mothers or our wives or our friends or our boss; we walk straight in respect for what the neighbors or the Dean or our pastors would say or think, though, of course, some of us occasionally do right because it is right. It is a great deterrent, however, to any boy when he is having a struggle with himself either mentally or morally to realize that some one knows and sympathizes and that there is for him an open door which he may enter and present his troubles. There are strong arguments that appeal even to a Presbyterian in favor of the Confessional in some form or other.

"You never called me when I was in college," one of our graduates said to me a few years ago, "and I always wondered why. I often came to see you of my own accord, and though I told you little about my personal life, I was always sure that you knew. I should rather have resented your saying anything about my personal affairs, I think, but the fact that you knew and that I knew what you wanted me to do was a great help to me. It often kept me from evil; ultimately it changed my conduct. I don't know what would have happened had I been sure that no one knew."

Why did I not talk to him? I am not sure that I can answer excepting that I know that a man who is summoned to appear before any constituted official to answer for his sins always comes on the defensive; he means if possible to explain and to justify his conduct and one seldom gets anywhere with him. It is only when the man comes of his own volition and desire that one accomplishes much. Slater was never ready to talk to me, and I had a certain intuition that my best play was to

influence him indirectly. I suspect that for once, at least, I was right, for though he is married now and a thousand miles away, he always sends me a Christmas letter, and tells me what I did for him.

As I have said, there is no argument needed to prove the advantages of the personal touch in college. It is a source of encouragement, of inspiration, of moral and intellectual strength and of social control. These are facts that are being recognized in almost every reputable college in the country and college organization is being changed to bring about more easily this personal relationship between students and faculty. In most colleges it has been a good thing in theory to see that the undergraduate who was hungry or sick or in the city jail was looked after personally, but it was no one's especial business to do it, so it was not strange if sometimes the man who was sick had to look after himself and the fellow who was chucked into jail early in the evening lingered there without special attention from any member of the faculty until court opened the next morning.

As I see the matter, the job of those men who are doing religious work in the colleges for the various churches of the country is not dissimilar to my own. We are both trying to make moral and social conditions better, we are interested in the individual and what we can do for him, and we must all in time come to realize that about the most that we can do is to make his environment as satisfactory as possible, to quicken his conscience, to stiffen his back bone and to stimulate him to take responsibility, and to give him an opportunity to put before us his personal problems.

A religious worker said to me not long ago, "You have a great advantage over us. Whenever you want a man you can write him a note, and he has no alternative; he must come and see you whether he wants to or not."

I am not at all sure that this is an advantage, for, as I have said before, the man who is forced to come very seldom does so in the right spirit. Advice given unasked is like a great many other things we get for nothing, it is valued very cheaply.

"Did you want to see me?" the Dean asks of the young freshman who comes in awkwardly and stands before his desk.

“ No; I didn’t want to,” was the reply, “ but I had to.”

The man who has to, encases himself in a sort of armor before coming in that is difficult if not impossible to penetrate. I think sometimes that because of the fact that I am a disciplinary officer my task is made more difficult than it otherwise would be, and that rather than having an advantage over the other man, he, on the contrary, has some advantage over me.

I think, also, that, in a general way, if we are to succeed that our methods must be somewhat the same, and if you don’t mind, I am going to tell you a little in detail of what my methods have been, and of some things that I have learned.

The work of developing these personal relationships with students was a new work to me as it was to most people twenty years ago. No one so far as I know had ever given himself over to it. Personally, I had neither the intention nor the desire to do so. I was teaching English Composition with some success, and I had no desire to do anything else. The President at that time got all the “ personal touch ” in our institution that any one was supposed to get. If a student was in trouble he went to the President; if he should be gotten into trouble it was the President’s business to do it. But the President was busy, and occasionally the undergraduate was too much for him, and he was forced to send out a call for help. It was on one of these distressing occasions that he sent for me, and by some lucky chance, I got him out of trouble and saved the boy. It was following this event that he conceived the, for him at least, happy idea of making me official trouble man. I balked for a year, but ultimately, seeing there was no other way to get rid of him, I consented.

I had no specific duties, no special authority, no precedents either to guide me or to handicap me. It was an untried sea upon which I was to set sail. My only chart was that, the action of the Board of Trustees said, I was to interest myself in the individual student. This meant, of course, that I was to know something, so far as it was possible for any one individual to do so, of the student’s living conditions, his moral and social life, and his personal, individual problems. If I were to know these, I must first of all, I realized, be able to separate each individual from all the rest, and each undergraduate must

come to mean something personal and individual to me. He must be more than a part of a great group.

Whether previous to this time I had shown any particular ability thus to differentiate the individual, I cannot say. If I did have, no one had ever detected it or accused me of remembering people's names or faces or personal histories better than the ordinary. I had always liked my students, and had taken a friendly interest in them, but now I realized that if I were to do well the tasks assigned to me, I must know more about the men than I had hitherto known. And so I interested myself in where the various men lived, the conditions surrounding them in their lodging houses, their companions, where they spent their leisure hours, what sorts of homes they came from and what personal difficulties they were encountering.

I had some leisure, and I visited a good many men in their lodging houses as I made friends with them. If any one was ill, I called on him and wrote his parents, and saw that he was properly taken care of, that he had the right sort of doctor and decent nursing. I made it clear that any one might come to see me at any time, as he still may, in my office or at my home, and that I would discuss any topic that concerned him.

If I met a man on the street whose face was familiar and yet whose name had escaped me, I gave myself no peace until I had run down the name and captured it. I used every device possible to widen my acquaintance and in every natural way to come into personal contact with men. I attended every student gathering to which I was invited, I spoke to students whenever I had a chance, I went to parties every week, and I went out to dinner until my wife advised me to buy a meal ticket and have it punched whenever I took a meal and so save on board. I recall now that one worthy member of our faculty—I have no doubt that his record kept by the recording angel is much freer from blots than my own—took me to task rather seriously for attending gatherings of undergraduate men where smoking was permitted, because, as he said, my presence there gave sanction to the evil practice, and so was distinctly an immoral influence. Well, possibly he was right, but it certainly gave me a wonderful chance to meet men and talk to them when they were their natural selves, and I am afraid I have never been very penitent

over the dereliction. Whenever I went among the men, I kept my mind on the situation and made an effort to learn the names and affiliations of as many individuals as possible. Consciously I began to form associations which would help me easily to recall the names of the men whom I was regularly meeting.

Whenever we came together on the campus, I spoke to the men whom I had previously met, and called them by their names. It was a help in time to learn their first names and even the nicknames by which most men are familiarly known about the campus.

I had at times had a little hesitancy about calling a student by his first name even when I felt that I knew him well. Von Bergan came in to see me one day and after we had finished our conversation he turned to go.

"Come and see me again, Mr. Von Bergan," I said, in a friendly way.

"I wish you'd call me Von," he said, hesitating a little. "You call our other fellows by their first names, and it would seem more friendly if you'd do the same with me." And so from that time on, I called him "Von."

I found out very early that the one who is looking for information of any personal sort will never get it from the undergraduate by asking him questions. If you want to find out what an undergraduate thinks or knows, don't ask him anything directly; simply look pleasant and interested—not too interested—and let him talk, and if you have time enough to give to him he will tell you everything he has ever known or heard, and best of all he will be quite unconscious that he has done so, and give you credit later for being a wizard. If at any time, however, your curiosity gets the better of you and you begin to ask questions about any details which he may be presenting to you, he will at once grow suspicious and shut up as tight as a clam.

It was not long after I came into my office that I found I knew a good deal more about undergraduate conditions than I had ever before suspected. I soon came to understand how the town was being run or being allowed to run itself rather. I became familiar with gambling, and drinking and prostitution and realized how little the ordinary city government does

or seems to care to do to prevent or to control any of these things. I have seen a good many mayors, and I have known not a few chiefs of police, and I am forced to say that in general they are satisfied not to go too deeply under the surface of things, but to be content if the external appearance of affairs indicates that conditions are normal. The longer I live the more I am impressed with the indifference and the inefficiency of officials in our cities, and with the impossibility of getting much done through their cooperation. What I have been able to accomplish has been done for the most part through knowing and working with the individual student concerned and not largely through getting at the source of the evil even when it was quite clear what that source was.

I got rapidly acquainted with living conditions and where these were bad, I did what I could to change them. This changing of living conditions in a city of moderate size where the population is congested and where everyone wants to live within four blocks of the campus, is not as easy as it sounds. Young fellows would often rather live in an ill-kept, unsanitary house near the campus than move to a better and often a cheaper place a half mile farther away. But it has been possible even under these conditions through criticism and advice materially to improve living conditions. I could have done little, I am sure, had I not known personally the fellows concerned.

Until within the last few years nothing had been done either by the college or the two towns properly to take care of those who were ill, and especially of those who were ill of an infectious disease. The college had no provision for such care; the towns assumed no responsibility. If a student contracted small pox, for instance, as was happening constantly, the only possible disposition which could be made of him was to shut him up in a filthy, one-room sty without toilet facilities built by the city on a dump heap just outside of the city limits and let him find such attendance as was possible to pick up. This condition of affairs seemed all right when you didn't know the man concerned, but when the sick man was a fellow you were acquainted with, it was a condition not to be endured. When I had been through about three of these experiences, it was clear

to me that the university should have an isolation hospital to take care of infectious cases, and it now has one, pleasantly located, wonderfully comfortable and immaculately clean. The previous condition had existed because it had been no one's especial business to change it; no one had had the personal touch with the undergraduate who became seriously ill, who went through critical surgical operations, and who sometimes died without any college official seeing him or knowing much about him. For the past twenty years there has not been a surgical operation on any undergraduate man that I have not seen or known about. Every day I either go to the hospitals myself or send some one from my office who gets for me the information I want with reference to the people who are ill. No other one thing, I think, has brought me into closer and more sympathetic personal contact with students than this interest in the men who are sick. They seldom say much, but they do not forget nor do their parents.

There were a good many undergraduate customs which were foolish or vicious or detrimental to the good name of the institution, like hazing, for instance, which everyone deplored, but which it had been no one's business to correct. It was in fact difficult or impossible to correct them without knowing the source; and without being acquainted with the individual student it was impossible to know the source. It took time—ten years in fact—to eliminate some of these, but the elimination came gradually as one gradually learned who was likely to be at the bottom of things and got at him personally.

One of the most foolish customs extant when I became Dean of Men was the custom of the freshman and sophomore classes posting proclamations—vulgar exciting documents they were—all about the town. This was done shortly after college opened. The placards appeared in the most impossible places—on third story windows, on the roofs of houses, on public buildings or sidewalks, and telephone poles, and everywhere conceivable. There was always a clash of the two under classes and a row, with property destroyed and somebody hurt. It was not easy to locate the actual perpetrators of the deed, for they stole out of their houses after midnight or just before daylight when most decent people were in their beds, and “billed”

the town. I did know the student leaders, however, and these I called one day in autumn just before the time when an undergraduate outbreak might be expected.

"It's about time for the fall crop of proclamations to appear," I said to the President of the sophomore class. "The practice is hurting the University, and besides it has in it a considerable element of danger. It ought to be stopped."

"Yes, Dean," he replied politely. "Of course you know I don't have anything directly to do with it."

"Possibly not," I replied, "but you know or can easily find out who has to do with it. You are the President of the class, and the thing won't happen without your consent. I wish you would call it off, for if the proclamations are posted this fall, I shall have to hold you and the other class officers personally responsible." There was no trouble that fall, and there has not been since. It was the personal touch again that won.

To get into touch with any group of young fellows, one must have sympathy for them, he must understand their problems and their temptations, he must have real interest in them, he must have a young heart at least even if he has an old head. He must remember, also, that the hearts of young people are pretty much the same as they always were even if customs are changing and the habits of young people seem to him very different from what they were when he was himself young. We are shocked sometimes at what seems to us the frivolity and the utter frankness of the young person of today upon what were to us a generation ago rather delicate and private topics. The amount of dancing indulged in at the present time, for example, is positively shocking we often feel. In the country neighborhood in which I lived before I went to college, no young person who wished to lay claim to respectability either danced or played cards. We often tell our young people so now, and with no little virtuous pride. We did other things quite as foolish and quite as reprehensible, however, because the conventions of our community interposed no objections to them. We must remember all these things if we are to get on well today. Infinite patience unwavering faith, and at least an average knowledge of human nature are essential.

We read a good deal about fraternities these days and

opinions are expressed pretty freely, especially by those who know least about the matter, as to the evil influences of these organizations. As for myself, I believe in the Greek letter fraternity in college and can say that its influence at the University of Illinois has been a good influence. We have sixty or more, national and local, and I am personally acquainted with most of the men in each one, and know pretty intimately how the fellows live and what their habits are. During the year I usually manage to eat at least one meal in almost every fraternity house about the campus and frequently I visit the houses more than once. I try to get acquainted with every fellow in each of the houses I visit and to make each of the members know me a little better. If it were not for this custom which these organizations follow of inviting me to their houses, I should have a much more difficult task than I now have of knowing each particular fraternity man.

The reason that the moral and intellectual irregularities of fraternity men are stressed so strongly, often unjustly, I am sure, is that a man in an organization is not allowed to suffer for his own errors. Every man in the organization suffers and what the one man did the organization must pay. If a fraternity man drinks, or gambles or fails in his college work, the blame is not placed upon him individually but upon his fraternity in particular and upon all fraternities in general. The facts are that the principles upon which fraternities are founded are high principles; most of them as I know them are drawn directly from the teachings of Jesus Christ, and, if followed, would recreate every young fellow's life. The same is true of the doctrines of the Presbyterian Church of which I am an unworthy member, but I should be the last to blame upon the weaknesses of the Church all the irregularities of its members.

It has been thought by a good many religious workers that the fraternities which draw their membership from the ranks of a certain church are for this reason the safest. I have not found it so, nor have they been the ones longest to endure. The choice of men was sometimes limited, the type of man from which a selection could be made was more uneven, and his social qualities not always so pleasing. Ultimately every fraternity I

have known composed of men exclusively from one church has either broken down, or broken away from its church affiliation and become national. There is to me nothing discouraging in this.

I have said so much about fraternities because it is through fraternities and organizations in general that I have been able, as the numbers increased beyond anyone's expectations, to keep in touch with the individual quite as well as was possible when the number of students was less than half as great, and I believe it is the way you in your religious work will do this. The religious worker has found the fraternity difficult; he has not gotten in as he should have done, he has not forced the close personal relationship with fraternity men which has made him a regular and a welcome guest at fraternity houses. In failing to do this he has missed a great opportunity. He has failed often to win over to his side the leaders of the campus, and he has not had behind him the tremendous power of campus organizations.

I am not always in good favor with every campus organization. Often my decisions are very annoying to some of them, and not infrequently their request must be refused. Then, for a time, they will have none of me, and my very name is an anathema.

"I don't like your methods or your system," a fraternity man said to me not long ago.

"All right," I said, "that's your privilege, and I'm only human, anyway. I'll make an agreement with you, however, if you wish," I continued. "If neither you nor any member of your fraternity will come to me for the rest of the year for help or advice or request for privilege, I will agree not to interfere with your fraternity or to call any member of it during that time." He thought the proposition over for a while and then shook his head.

"I don't believe that would be a good trade," he said. He was right; if you make yourself useful or necessary to people, they will bear a good deal from you.

Most of us find it easy to preach to a crowd, but it is contact with the individual that ultimately counts most. Throughout the years that I have been a University officer I have spoken

regularly every week to groups of men at one place or another. Sometimes, perhaps, such talk carries home; but the most effective work that I do is where the man and I are face to face across the desk from each other or sitting side by side, each with a chance to tell what is in his mind and heart.

In an article in the last number of the *Atlantic Monthly*, Charles M. Sheldon in discussing this same subject says:

“The average church committee, seeking a man for a church, wants a man who can draw a crowd. The church is looked upon as a place to go to, to hear some one.

“But people want something more than preaching. They want comfort and courage and help that does not come to them when it is handed out wholesale. A whole Sunday afternoon given every week to the Open Door, established as a church custom, might in multitudes of churches prove to be worth more than all the pulpit ministrations and all the machinery of multiplied organizations.

“I wonder as the years flow down the channel of Time, why I have put so much emphasis on the Pulpit, and so little on the people in my Parish. God forgive me if I have thought more of my sermons than I have thought of my souls!”

And his experience has been mine. Whatever influence, intellectual or social or moral, that I may have exercised during the years that I have worked with students has come not through contact with the crowd, though I have had that constantly and regularly, but through sympathetic personal touch with the individual. For years I have been in my office pretty regularly six days in the week for at least eight hours a day. Anyone is free to come and see me there, or, if he prefers it, at my house after dinner or on Sundays. And they do come by the hundreds. They bring the petty inconsequential things that can be decided or settled in a few moments, and they bring the things the settlement of which may make or wreck a life. There is no monotony and no two days are alike. There are the stories with which you are all familiar—the struggles with poverty and temptation and sin, and discouragement where faith must be strengthened and courage awakened and self-reliance developed, and opportunity discovered; there are the stories of love and

disappointment, and each one of these problems is to the man who brings it real and vital.

"I don't suppose you've ever had any case just like mine," the man begins, and he is right in a way, for no two cases are ever quite alike.

My paper is perhaps already long enough, but I cannot bring it to a close without giving you two or three illustrations of just what this personal relationship with undergraduates does bring to one.

The telephone rang one Sunday afternoon just as I was settling down for a little rest after a long hard week. It was Doctor Bennett's voice that spoke when I took down the receiver.

"Could you run over to Romine Street and see Ferguson this evening? He has a good deal on his mind, and he would like to talk to you."

I had known Ferguson since his freshman year, and he was now a junior. His father was a hard working minister in a little country town in Illinois, and the boy had been forced largely to look after his own support. He was a good boy at heart, but easily influenced.

He was lying in bed when I entered his room, and I could see that he was laboring under an intense excitement.

"Tell me about it," I said sitting down beside him and taking his hand. It was a halting story he told me, but a story as old as the race. He had been tempted, he had yielded, and he had contracted a dangerous disease that it would take years wholly to eradicate.

"I can't be taken care of here," he said, "and I can't afford to go to a hospital. I'm afraid to tell father, for he wouldn't understand, and he'd throw me out. I started to kill myself this afternoon, but I'm afraid to do that." And then he burst into tears.

We talked it over for a long time; we considered first one plan of procedure and then another only to reject them all. There was really only one way out and that was to tell his father, and I finally won his consent to let me do this, though he was sure it would be useless.

I waited until after the time of the evening service before

I called up the boy's father; I had never before realized what a cold inhuman means of communication the long distance telephone is until I tried that evening to talk sympathetically over it. But my message and my explanation got through and the father was a game one. He met the situation without faltering and traveled all night and was waiting for me when I got to my office next morning. He had a good heart, but he was a poor hand at subterfuge. His chief concern was how he could explain to the neighbors without giving the real facts away, but he and I, two perfectly respectable Presbyterians, worked out an explanation that was both truthful and effective. Father and son were never before so near together as they were when they went home next day to find mother waiting for them at the station. The story ends happily, for the boy got well and came back to college and graduated and is now a successful and respected practicing physician.

Carter entered my office a few weeks ago rather bashfully.

"I want to ask you some questions," he said, "and I hope you won't laugh at me." I promised him that I should be as serious as I was capable of.

"I'm going to a formal party," he continued. "And I've never been to one before. The young lady has been to ever so many and knows everything about what is conventional, and I don't want to seem a rube to her, so I thought I'd ask you how to act and what to wear."

It was a serious matter, I could see, so I did not smile.

"I could have asked the fellows at the house," he explained, "for a lot of them know, but they would have kidded me and given me a lot of bunk so they could laugh at me later, and I was sure you would tell me the truth."

I would not have played him false for a king's ransom. I brought out my store of sartorial knowledge and we discussed at length, white vests and black ones, long tails and tuxedos, pumps, kid gloves, bow ties, and how to get in and out of a room without damaging the furniture. We got quite chummy before we were through, and I loaned him a fancy vest to make his outfit complete. On the evening of the party he walked six blocks to show me the shirt he was going to wear, for at the last moment he had sinking of heart because he was in doubt as to

whether he ought to choose a stiff bosom or a soft front. I looked him over and passed him on as perfect and was assured later that he didn't make a slip and that a good time was had by all.

About Thanksgiving time last year, Jim Easton, a big, husky freshman was waiting for me when I got back after luncheon.

"Well, Jim?" I asked when we were seated across from each other.

"Did you ever run away, Dean, when you were a Kid?" Jim interrogated.

"No, I never did, Jim," I answered. "But I planned to do it more than once, and I wanted to like the dickens, though something always happened to prevent it."

"Well, I can't stand it much longer," he went on, "and unless some one locks me up or ties me to a telephone pole, I'm going to pull out of this. I know I'm a fool, but that doesn't help any."

We didn't reason it out; it was no use. We just talked it over. Jim didn't realize that his having told me how he felt would be very likely to prevent him from yielding to his feelings. I exacted from him a promise that before he ran away he would come in and tell me, and I agreed that in such a case I should do nothing to prevent him. He is still sticking to his job.

Anyone who works with a constantly changing group of young people must often lose heart, and grow discouraged, and ask himself if he is really getting anywhere. Would I take up the work again if I were back at the crossroads where I stood twenty years ago and were given a chance to choose? I wonder!

I had a call from Hunter two years ago. Hunter had been graduated ten years and had been in all parts of the world in his practice of engineering. He was a rough ill-trained undergraduate with a good many questionable habits, and we had had not a few interviews before he got out of college. If I had ever made any impression on Hunter, he gave no indication of it. If I had done him any good, it was not evident.

"I have often intended to write you," he said, "but I'm careless about writing, and I never got round to it. You

thought that you made no impression on me while I was in college, and I meant you to think so, but it wasn't true. I simply wanted to give the impression that I was "hard boiled." I've been up against all sorts of temptations, but I've really kept clean. If you ever have a tendency to get discouraged and to think that we aren't influenced by what you say, don't yield to it. It is all worth while and the fellows don't forget."

And this last story I tell you for your encouragement.

EDUCATIONAL ADVICE AND DIRECTION OF COLLEGE STUDENTS

STEPHEN S. COLVIN

Director, School of Education, Brown University

I suppose there are a vast number of pressing needs in education. There always are, but one that has appealed to me very, very strongly in the last few years is the need of a more intimate knowledge and a more direct guidance of the great mass of students in our high schools and in universities.

There are many reasons, I suppose, why we are out of touch in our educational system with our pupils and students. I want to enumerate a few of these reasons as I see them. The first, it seems to me is due to a totally wrong theory in education, and that theory is that the business of education is very largely to test what the student has learned. The principal thing to be done is to find out how much he knows. That, of course, has led the high school and the elementary school and to a certain extent our colleges to practice what is known as lesson-hearing. We know very little about how the pupil or the student prepares his work, about the conditions that surround him in general; we simply know what he does in the class-room. Lesson-hearing is one of the great curses of education in the elementary school and the high school. When we come to college work we find another sort of practice, which is very largely predominant, that is just as vicious. This is the lecture system, with its occasional tests. I know from personal experience, talking with students, that when they come to college and take the large lecture courses, they are frequently totally at loss as to what they shall do. They do not know how to go about their work